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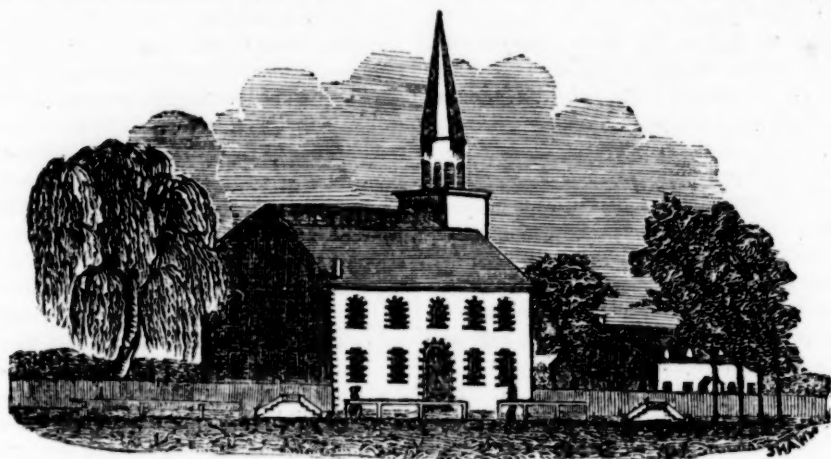
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OLD DUTCH STONE CHURCH, FISHKILL.



FISHKILL village, on the creek, 5 miles from the Hudson river, and 16 from Poughkeepsie, is situated upon a beautiful plain, in a fertile country, and has about eighty dwellings, an academy, one Episcopal, and one Dutch church. A portion of the American army were located here in the revolutionary war. Their barracks were about half a mile south of the village. The headquarters of the officers was the dwelling now occupied by Isaac Van Wyck, Esq. generally known by the name of the "Wharton House." The barracks commenced about 30 rods north of this dwelling, from the residence of the widow, Mrs. Cornelius Van Wyck, and extended southwardly near the line of the road, to the foot of the mountain. The soldiers' graveyard was situated near the base of the mountain, where a road turns off from the turnpike to the east. While the army was here, the tory and other prisoners were confined in the old Dutch stone church, represented in the above engraving. In this church, it is said that Enoch Crosby was confined, and escaped in an apparently miraculous manner.

The following is an inscription on a monument in the graveyard, adjoining the church:

"Glory to God alone! Sacred to the memory of the Reverend Nicholas Van Vrancken, minister of Jehovah Jesus, and Pastor of the Dutch Reformed Congregations of Fishkill, Hopewell, and New Hackensack. This excellent man lived tenderly beloved, and died deeply lamented, by the people of his charge. He was born the 24th of May, 1762, and departed in peace and rested in hope, the 20th of May, 1804, aged 41 years, 11 months and 19 days. The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

*This dwelling and its vicinity is the scene of "The Spy," by J. Fenimore Cooper. Some years since a work was published, entitled "Enoch Crosby, or the Spy Unmasked," which attempted to identify the hero of Cooper's novel with a person then living. This production is generally believed to have but a slight foundation in truth. It is not, however, questioned, but that there was such a person as Enoch Crosby, and that some of the adventures attributed to him actually happened. He died at South East in Putnam Co. about 10 or 12 years since.

The following extracts are from newspapers published at the time they refer to:—

"July 12th, 1765.—We hear from the Fishkills, that for a week or two past, a tiger or panther has been seen in the woods in that neighborhood, not far from Mr. Depeyster's house. It had killed several dogs, torn a cow so that she died the same day, and carried off the calf; it likewise carried off a colt of about a week old.—Eight men with their guns went in search of it, and started it at a distance; it fled with great swiftness and has been since seen at the Fishkills."

"August 28th, 1776.—A few days since about 100 women, in habitants of Dutchess county, went to the house of Colonel Brinkerhoff, at Fishkill, and insisted upon having tea at the lawful price of six shillings per pound, and obliged that gentleman to accommodate them with one chest from his store for that purpose. Shortly after he sold his cargo to some Yorkers, who for fear of another female attack, forwarded the nefarious stuff to the North river precipitately, where it is now afloat, but the woman have placed their guard on each side."

"Forty Dollars Reward will be paid by the subscriber, besides all reasonable expenses, for detecting and bringing to justice, one or more of a gang of villains, eight or ten in number, who, on the night of the 17th of August last, armed with guns, bayonets, and swords, surrounded the house of Mrs. Phebe Thomas, on Quaker Hill, in Dutchess county, which some of their number forcibly entered, and after many threatening expressions, robbed the subscriber of the following articles, viz. 180 silver dollars, 28 guineas, 9 half Johanneses, 1 green silk purse, opening with a spring with a large silver hook, and containing between £4 and £5 in small silver, with one guinea; two pairs of silver shoe buckles; 1 silver table-spoon, marked with the letters R. M. with a T at top between them; 1 small silver snuff-box, marked A. S.; 1 large paper snuff-box; one silver thimble; two penknives, (one with a mother-of-pearl handle,) in cases; one carved ivory tooth-

pick case; one lawn handkerchief; one red and white linen do.; three cotton stockings, and one pair of white yarn knit garters. One pair of buckles has been found upon a fellow, who went by the name of Williams, who formerly used to profess himself a painter in New-York; was lately taken up on a charge of some other felonies, and imprisoned at Kingston, in Ulster county from whence, on the approach of the British incendiaries, he was removed (with the other prisoners,) into the state of Connecticut, where he is now confined.

MARY FERRARI."

"Quaker Hill, Nov. 5, 1777.

"Fishkill, February 7th, 1783.—It is with pain and regret, that we mention the death of Lieutenant Colonel Barber, who was unfortunately killed at camp the 11th ult. The circumstances which led to this unhappy catastrophe, we are told are as follows: two soldiers were cutting down a tree; at the instant he came riding by it was falling, which he did not observe, till they desired him to take care; but the surprise was so sudden, and embarrassed his ideas so much, that he reined his horse to the unfortunate spot where the tree fell, which tore his body in a shocking manner, and put an immediate period to his existence."

T A L E S.

THE YOUNG HEIR.

A Tale of Real Life

"WHITHER so fast, Catharine? I have a word with you."

"You must be quick, then, for the overseer scolded me yesterday because I was not at my looms before the bell had fairly done ringing."

"Pshaw! you have not heard the news, then. But you need be in no haste this morning I can assure you."

"The news, Miss Pettygrove?" replied the factory girl; "if you allude to the tidings of Mr. Albury's death, I trust there is not a girl in the village who is ignorant of it. But what news you have heard to authorize me to neglect my looms, I cannot imagine."

"Surely, Catharine, you do not mean to insinuate that the owner will run his factory until his brother's remains are under the sod?"

"And surely I do mean to insinuate that nothing less than the death of the owner himself would ever induce him to forego a moment's opportunity of making money."

"But," replied Miss Pettygrove, "when an accident has occurred, which places thousands within his grasp, I should think he might well afford to give his dependents one day's relaxation."

"You don't pretend to say that the rich brother has made our owner his heir?" cried Catharine, forgetting at once her looms and the crabbed overseer, in the excitement of her new raised curiosity.

"No, Catharine Andrews, I said no such thing," answered the gossip, compressing her lips as soon

as the words had escaped them, with the air of one who holds a secret in her possession, which she resolved no one should obtain without an effort.

"Well, I don't know what you mean, then," said Catharine, motioning to pass on.

"Stop, stop, not so fast, cried the other unbending; you know Catharine, that I have always regarded you as a prudent, considerate young woman, worthy of my confidence."

"Yes, whenever you wish to tell me a secret, or to get one from me; but I never found any of your secrets to be true."

"Hear one that is true, then," cried Miss Pettygrove, lifting her forefinger like a sybil; Miss Sophia Albury will soon be married to one of the richest young men in New England."

"What! our owner's daughter? exclaimed Catharine, catching the prophetic by the arm.

"Yes, yes, yes. There will be times for you. But who do you think is the gentleman?"

"The gentleman? Let me think. There is young Stevens, who is thought to be a favorite of hers, but her father has forbidden him the house. So it can't be him. Then there is George Dunning, but he is counting every body, and besides he is not rich. Well, I am sure I could not guess in a week."

"So I thought, returned Miss Pettygrove; you see what it is to be a member of good society, and to be entrusted with the secrets of high life. I have it straight from Mrs. George Baldwin, who, you know, has been a seamstress in your owner's family, that before Mr. Albury died, he made his son—"

"His son! I never heard of him," said Catharine.

"How should you hear of him? He has never been in the village. But it seems that he and Sophia have corresponded frequently. You must know that young Frederick, for that is his name, has spent a number of years abroad, and only returned to his native country in time to receive his father's dying blessing. Well, as I was saying, when Mr. Albury was on his death-bed, he made Frederick promise to call and see his cousin Sophia; and although he did not wish to control his inclinations—wasn't that very good of him? yet, if he could fancy Sophia—Miss Albury I should have said—why then he wished him to marry her. Well, as soon as the news came of Mr. Albury's death, his brother clapped his hands, and chucking Sophia under the chin, said, now my love, you set your cap, for you were betrothed to your cousin Fred, almost before you was born. So you see, they are all mightily pleased at the great house, and Sophia is preparing her wedding dress already."

"Have you done?" asked Catharine.

"Yes."

"Well, then, Miss Pettygrove, you may mark my words. The heir will never marry Miss Sophia."

"Hey day! that's presumption, upon my word. What should prevent him pray? Isn't Miss Sophia Albury all that a young man could desire? Is she not well educated? Is she not accomplished? Did you ever hear a more pretty-spoken young lady in your life?"

"O yes," returned the resolute girl; "she is accomplished and very pretty-spoken, too much so; but, if the young man has lived much abroad,

he will perceive that she tries too hard to speak pretty. The gloss of her mind is like the rouge on your cheek; it is just stuck on to make an appearance, but it is not natural, and does not belong there."

"Fine notions for a poor, slavish factory girl!" cried the exasperated parasite; "suppose I should relate this conversation to Miss Sophia herself?"

"She might reward you with a piece of the wedding-cake," said Catharine, and immediately ran off to the factory.

About a week after the above conversation, Frederick Albury, having buried his father, and the first gush of sorrow being spent, inquired at the post-office for letters. An ashy hue overspread his face as several were presented to him bearing his lamented father's name; for so sudden had been his demise, his distant friends had not even heard of his illness. The Post Master was at that time engaged in examining the mail bag which had just arrived, and presently he threw a letter towards Frederick, which he discovered was directed to himself. The post mark was L—, and he knew it was from his uncle. He went home, and retired to his chamber to read it. The letter began by offering consolation in rather an off-hand business style, which jarred somewhat with Frederick's sacred grief—especially as his uncle had thought proper to hint that, in grieving for what our Creator has taken away, we ought not to be unmindful of what he has given us in its stead. But an unlucky postscript which rounded off this noted epistle had well nigh proved fatal to Sophia's expectations. This was a request, that Frederick would visit them as soon as he could make it convenient, and, "as in duty bound," offer himself and his immense possessions to his daughter.—Frederick read these lines over several times, before he could believe the evidence of his own senses.

He then crushed the hateful scroll in his hands and was about making a vow, that he would never visit the uncle or his daughter, when a slight noise was heard in the entry, and raising his eyes, he saw, standing before the door, a person upon whose countenance he traced the features of his departed parent. He sprang to his feet and gazed wildly upon the apparition, when it vanished, and a moment afterwards he heard it descending the stairs, making a most unghostly noise with its feet, clattering and stamping until the very stair-boards jingled beneath the shock.—He pursued the intruder to the drawing-room, he was again encountered and bewildered by the semblance of his father. But, as he perceived that his mother betrayed no emotion in the presence of her guest, he advanced to salute him.

"You have never seen your uncle before," said Mrs. Albury.

Frederick was again at a loss. Something more than a formal welcome was due to so near a relation; but, could he so far disguise his feelings, toward the writer of the letter which he held in his hand, as to counterfeit satisfaction at his visit? Fortunately his uncle saw nothing strange in his deportment, and by rapidly plunging into discourse, relieved him from his embarrassment.

"I see you take it very hard, cousin Frederick. Very natural. Great loss—great loss! But we must bear things with fortitude. I know what it is. Lost my wife before we had been married three years: about the same time one of my

factories caught fire. Well I built up the factory again, but could not bring the dead to life. I thought there was no use in grieving for spilt milk, so I plunged into business—had great success—had a fine daughter left—placed all my hopes on her—trained her up carefully—sent her to school—and I may say, without boasting, she hasn't disappointed my expectations. My money has not been thrown away upon her."

"Miss Albury writes a handsome letter," said Frederick, bowing.

"Oho! how stupid am I! cried the uncle, fumbling in his pockets; "here's a letter from Sophia, that I had forgotten all about, directed to you."

Frederick broke the seal, and read as follows:—

"My dear Cousin:—As my father is in haste to commence his journey, you will pardon any little imperfections that you may discover in the style or substance of this letter. You will, perhaps be surprised to see my much honored father at your splendid mansion, without having given you warning of his visit. But he is a gentleman who always resolves quickly and executes suddenly. I hope you will not reject the proposals that he intends making you. Think that through him your Sophia entreats, and then your gallantry, (if there were no stronger inducement,) would induce you to comply."

"Be assured that I lament the decease of your much honored father with almost filial sorrow, but we must recollect that it is sinful to grieve at the dispensations of Providence."

"I should like to have you with us, for we could console you. It is but two days journey, and in the company of my much honored parent it will seem much shorter. I cannot promise you much satisfaction in the company of the people generally of this village. There are not more than three respectable families in it. Mr. Thomas Jenkins, who keeps a dry good store and, Mr. Alley, my father's clerk, are worthy of your exalted society. Mrs. Thomas Jenkins is a highly respectable lady, and is the president of a society which we have lately established here, called the Society of the respectable Ladies of L—, favorable to Literature.—We shall consider you quite an acquisition to our circumscribed circle, if you think it worth your while to visit us."

Your loving cousin,

SOPHIA ALBURY."

This affected and pedantic scrawl was not calculated to recommend Sophia to a person of Frederick's discernment; but he had received letters from her before, and therefore her style was not new to him.—He was not disposed to judge harshly of the gentle sex, and he knew that nothing was more common than for girls of the middling class, who had been much secluded from society, to perpetuate a moderate degree of affliction—added to which, the woful neglect of female education in our country pleads strongly in extenuation of her fault. He doubted not that a greater knowledge of the world would cure her of her finicalness.

He could not, therefore, refuse her invitation to accompany her father home, although he would have preferred indulging his grief in the solitude of his own chamber. There is perhaps no sorrow so excessive, that will not yield to the sympathy of woman. We are so much accustomed to regard her benevolence as purely disin-

terested, that we feel guilty of sacrilege when we spurn her attempts at consolation; or, even if we know her to be laboring to fix herself in our hearts, how flattering to us is her selfishness!—Something of this Frederick felt when he read Sophia's letter; and, as it was his father's dying request that he would link his destiny with hers, he was willing to think as favorable of her as possible.

"The saucy jade recommends you to ride out for your health—does she not?" said Mr. Albury, as Frederick handed the letter to his mother.

"Yes," answered Frederick. "It will be a pleasure to me to visit your house; but before we set out perhaps you would like to take a turn with me, and look at your brother's grave."

"I should like it much," replied the uncle, "but I am really in a great hurry to return. I have left my business all at sixes and sevens, and I must not neglect the main chance. Business before pleasure is my maxim."

"Pleasure!" sighed Frederick, with a shudder; "and this is the man," said he to himself, "that is to annihilate a portion of the distance between Sophia and himself?"

Mr. Albury's carriage was ordered, and in a moment the uncle and nephew were whirling along through the dusty street of the village, at the rate of ten miles an hour.

"My cousin wrote me," said Frederick, "that in your company the journey would seem much shorter than ordinary; and, from the sample which I have already had of your driving, I make no doubt it will not only have the semblance, but the reality of shortness."

"Saving of time," replied the man of business, "is the sure secret of success. I am of the opinion that your father let no grass grow under his feet when he lived abroad. It did well enough for him to return and enjoy wealth which he had accumulated in foreign parts; but I, who have my fortune yet to make, cannot afford to lie still an hour."

Frederick now made a vigorous effort to change the conversation and succeeded.

He found his uncle well informed about the state of the country, and possessed a store of anecdotes, which he related in so dry and unique a manner, as to afford his nephew both instruction and amusement; but he could not be blind to an overweening desire on the part of his uncle, to insinuate himself into his good graces.—Strong professions of regard, a singular carefulness to shun disputed topics, and strict attention to his more trifling wants, marked the conduct of his uncle during this journey, and might have created no surprise, had they not been accompanied by an awkwardness which showed plainly they were not natural. It appeared as if he was acting a part in which he wholly disregarded the proper cues. In short, his behavior led Frederick to believe he was either very much his friend, or very much his enemy. Had Frederick been better informed on the subject, he would have perceived that his uncle was neither his friend nor his enemy, but very much his own friend. When within two miles of the village of L——, they stopped a moment at a public house. As they were about stepping into the carriage, a foppish young man advanced towards them and made a low bow to Mr. Albury, who did not think proper to deign him the least notice; but Frederick observed the upstart to cast a most

malevolent glance at himself, and thought he heard him mutter indistinctly at the same time. Frederick was affected by the circumstance about as much as a lion would be by the indignation of a woodchuck, and before he had become fairly seated in the carriage, it had passed from his recollection. They entered the village just as the sun was sinking behind the rocky summit of a distant hill, and at the same time the factory poured forth its crowd of beauty, whose joyous laugh fell upon the ears of the travelers for a moment, ere they were observed scattering in different directions over the lawn. Frederick was much interested in this spectacle; and as many of the girls passed by him, he had an opportunity to remark their countenances.

"That young girl with black eyes, and heavy, curling locks, is certainly interesting," said he to the owner.

"Her name is Catharine Andrews," replied the other. "She is a stranger in the village; but, if you observed that tall girl with the narrow face and sharp chin, she is far superior to her. She tends four looms, and can earn four dollars a week, besides her board."

The youth was silent until they reached the house occupied by Mr. Albury. It was not unpleasantly situated. Fortunately, art had not been applied here, to cripple and deform the wild scenery of nature. His first impressions of Miss Albury were not unfavorable. She was about the middle height, and her voluptuous form as was well calculated to inspire passion in the breast of manhood; her features were decidedly handsome, with the exception of her eyes, but this defect was not perceived at the first glance. The reader will understand me when I say that, although she smiled sweetly, and saluted him cordially when they met, yet Frederick imagined, when he looked at her eyes, that she was not particularly pleased with his appearance. The little parlor into which he was ushered was remarkable for its neatness. The furniture, though not costly, and rather plain withal, appeared to have been recently polished, and the few volumes which were carefully piled on one end of the sofa, looked as clean and unsoiled as if they had never been opened. Conversation soon flagged, and Frederick sought to revive it by the somewhat hackneyed method of examining books. He failed, however; for upon looking into them he discovered they were of too insipid a character to merit a remark.

"I had the pleasure of seeing a goodly number of your village girls, as they came out of the factory this evening," said he, addressing Sophia; "some of them seem to possess a gracefulness of form and of character, that would do no discredit to ladies of a much higher station in life." "I never noticed it in the factory girls," answered Sophia; but the Misses Jenkins are quite accomplished."

"I doubt whether they are more so than those pretty creatures we met this evening."

"I cannot understand how it is possible for them to have any accomplishments," said Sophia; "I am certain they have never been taught them."

"If they possess them without being taught, it is a saving of time and money," said Frederick, looking full at his uncle.

The sarcasm was unfelt, but Mr. Albury

seemed to feel the force of the argument. Frederick was glad to hear his uncle hint to Sophia, that her cousin probably had an appetite after his journey, and would also like to retire early to bed. Sophia sallied forth to hasten preparations for the evening repast, and Frederick overheard her reprimanding the maid in the following terms:—

"You load the table as if you were preparing a feast for a dozen mechanics. Do you not know that it is very ungenteel to set on so much victuals?"

Frederick felt as if he could have excused the menial for such a breach of decorum. To speak the truth, he had contracted a most unknighly appetite by a hard day's ride in the jolting vehicle which had conveyed him thither, especially as his uncle, from motives of economy, had not thought proper to stop and dine on the road. Sophia ushered her cousin to the dining room in her most amiable style, and with a countenance festooned with the sweetest smiles she could command; but the same want of cordiality in her eyes—the same hard, stony gaze which he had encountered on the first introduction to her became more observable, the more she sought to please. On first casting his eyes upon the table, Frederick noticed the spotless purity of the cloth, the nice arrangement of the dishes, and the cleanliness which he thought rather too much encroached on the insides of them. A few small biscuits, which might have passed for large wafers, a spoonful of preserved ginger, half a dozen diminutive cakes, a spot of excellent yellow butter, with coffee and tea, comprised the Lilliputian assortment of eatables. Frederick was pressed to eat by the assiduous young lady at the head of the table, even after he would have found it difficult to obey her for want of material. He arose from the table in no very good humor, as he said to himself, "the gentility of the supper cannot be called in question; and, if I starve to death at this house, I shall at least have the satisfaction of dying like a gentleman."

Frederick was lighted to the best chamber, and in a moment he sunk into a bed of down so deeply that he came well nigh smothering; and, as the weather was warm, he was fain to rise at midnight, tumble the feather bed on the carpet, and stretch himself on the straw tick, where he slept soundly until morning. The breakfast was scarcely more substantial than the previous supper, if we omit a small steak, which had scarcely been scorched by the fire, for fear of spoiling its fair proportions. The young aristocrat now thought it high time to interpose a hint, lest his respectable cousin, in her unsuccessful attempts to ape the fashionable world, (where abundance is always combined with neatness) should ape him out of existence.

"I don't know," said he carelessly, when they sat down to dinner, where every dish was minus two thirds, "that I ever enjoyed a better meal, than the one I ate on the Andes. While traveling over these mountains, I encountered a party of muleteers, who were sitting around a fire at which they were roasting pumpkins. When I approached the group, one of them stuck a large knife into a large pumpkin, and severed it in two, and presented one half to me on the point of a sharp stick. I went on my way eating this piece of pumpkin, which was so large that it kept my

masticatory functions in employ for nearly half an hour."

"I should have considered it rather a coarse morsel," said Sophia, looking somewhat shocked.

"Its chief recommendation was, that there was enough of it," replied Frederick. "As regards its coarseness, I imagine there is but little difference in the appetites of mankind. Let the most pampered favorite of fortune fast for several days, and he will relish the coarsest viands that smoke on the trenchers of the poor. When persons of quality have suffered shipwreck, they have been found as eager to grasp the brine-soaked biscuit, or the cup of muddy water, as the toughest mariner.—In short, if there is any refinement in the mere animal man, I should imagine that the poor laborer could lay the greatest claim to it, since his free exercise in the open air promotes digestion, keeps the blood pure, and gives him a fragrant breath, such as the ladies might envy. To those advantages, persons of sedentary habits, or those who live a mere life of pleasure, can lay no claim."

"You believe there is such a thing as refinement in good society, cousin Frederick—do you not?"

"Most assuredly," answered the young man; "the truly refined person will avoid giving offence to his fellow-creatures, especially those who are less favored by fortune or by nature than herself. No well-bred person will be insolent to his inferiors. On the other hand he will observe a scrupulous tenderness of manner towards them—a carefulness of word and action, that shall lighten the burden of humility which they must necessarily feel as much as possible. This refinement of heart is the most prominent characteristic of a high and noble spirit. It is the only mark of a lady or gentleman that is wholly unequivocal. When I see a person very choice of his words, and very dainty at the table, yet capable of insulting the unfortunate or ridiculing distress, I always think of the ass in the lion's skin."

"Yet surely you believe there is a difference in people? You would support your dignity against the encroachments of the vulgar?" said Sophia.

"I would support the dignity of human nature," replied Frederick, "and then I need not fear the encroachments of those who do not support it. Persons who are not *intrinsically* superior, think to make an arbitrary partition between themselves and those whom they choose to consider their inferiors. What does it avail? Suppose I place a partition in a cistern of water; it is true one portion of the water would be divided from the other, but yet both would be alike—nothing but water. Take out the partition and pour in oil; the oil will at once divide itself from the water and rest on the top of it. Though in close contact with the oil, the water will not seek to mingle with it. It is when men are unavoidably thrown into promiscuous crowds together, that the line of demarkation may be distinctly traced. The fox will not seek to herd with the raven. The person who finds that it requires *exertion* to support his dignity against the encroachments of the vulgar, may harbor a strong distrust of his own nobleness."

Sophia assented to Frederick's opinion, but it was such assent as is more honored in the breach

than the observance. The youth knew that what he had said was totally at variance with the train of associations to which the mind of his cousin had been accustomed, if indeed the sentiments were not entirely novel to her. It would be natural then, to suppose that, if she had so suddenly become a convert to his opinions, the effect of the shock given to her failing prejudice, and the blasting of the rock on which she had built her self-esteem, would be traced on her countenance, or betrayed by her manner; whereas she merely assented in the careless manner of a girl who is over-persuaded to take another cup of tea, or a broker on change, who acknowledges that it is a fine morning. But Frederick had already perceived that both she and his uncle were resolutely determined to adopt, *pro tem*, every opinion which he thought proper to advance—a determination which they followed up with the unvarying regularity and precision of a veteran *toadey*.

As Frederick had incidentally mentioned a circumstance which took place while he was abroad, his uncle became desirous of hearing some account of his travels.—He complied with his wish, and gave him and Sophia a detailed history of every thing remarkable which he had seen and suffered in distant climes. In order to make the subject equally interesting to father and daughter, he expatiated, for the benefit of the former, upon the commerce, manufactories, and sources of revenue of other nations; to interest the latter, he related anecdotes of illustrious persons; painted the generosity and magnanimity of his heroes in the most glowing colors, and breathed a spirit of poetry into his descriptions, calculated to thrill the heart of romantic woman. But, to his utter astonishment, Sophia betrayed no interest in the most heart-touching recitals—in very truth she seemed hardly to hear them. In vain did Frederick hold up to her the most finished pictures of godlike virtue.

She listened like one attending to a dull sermon, who is obliged to listen to it because her parents will, on her return home require her to point out the text, and state the heads of the discourse. Her soulless eyes were indeed fixed upon him, but the marble orbs glowed not with admiration, or swam with pity. She asked no questions—expressed neither surprise nor pleasure. But when he treated on those subjects particularly designed for her father's ears—when he had talked of gold mines, rail-roads, canals, of wealthy bankers, and the various schemes resorted to, to make sudden fortunes, Miss Albury was all alive to the subject, and betrayed more curiosity than could have been expected in a young lady of twenty. These things were not well pleasing to Frederick, and he would soon have tired of his task had not another listener been added to the number of his auditors. So reserved, so shy, so unobtruding, ventured into Frederick's presence that she would hardly have pressed upon his notice, had not her manner of listening to his conversation been so very different from that of his cousin. Although seated at a distance from him, he could see her eyes glisten through her luxuriant locks, the color fly her cheek, and her bosom heave when, encouraged by the absorbing interest she took in his narrative, he launched forth in the most vivid descriptions of romantic incident and bewitching scenery.

"Pray, who is that young lady who called on you last evening?" said Frederick to his cousin, on the morning after her visit.

"It's one Miss Perkins, a humble friend of mine, that I employed to make me some drawings. I told her to bring them to the house as fast as she finished them, so she brings me in the evening, what she has made during the day."

"You are fond of paintings then?" exclaimed Frederick, with a countenance which beamed more kindly on Sophia than it had ever done before.

"They are not for myself," answered she; "a lady who has heard of Lucretia, knowing that I was acquainted with her, requested me to employ her. I pay Lucretia a trifle for her paintings, for she is not a very bright young woman, and then charge the lady full price for them, so that I am well paid for my trouble."

Frederick shuddered, and turned away his face to conceal the indignation which fired it.

"That she should even glory in her heartless cupidity!" said he inwardly.

"I don't know—perhaps I am mistaken," said the youth, turning to Sophia, "but really, I think you might have introduced her to me. Won't she consider herself slighted?"

"O, no! she is used to it," replied Sophia; "she does not associate with persons of your grade; and, with regard to her being slighted, I do not believe that a young man ever spoke to her in his life. Our beaux of the village despise her for want of spirit."

"Despise her—spirit?" said Frederick, musing: "pray, cousin, what is the difference between a soul and spirit?"

"Every human being has a soul," replied she, gravely, "but every person does not possess a spirit."

"You are right—you are right," said Frederick; "she has no spirit, but has a soul, while those who despise her have spirit, but no souls. Pray, what are her circumstances? Has she parents living in the village?"

"Her father is a broken down schoolmaster," said Sophia, "living about a mile from the house in a small cottage. He is laid up with the rheumatism, or some other complaint, but he has never been well since his wife died. His daughter supports him with her needle and her pencil. I allowed her to visit me because she was capable of giving me some instructions in music, and she has some respectable relations."

"What! are not she and her father reputable people?" inquired the youth.

"Why—yes—that is—they are reputable—decent people, but nobody visits them, and—you know what I mean."

"Yes, I think I know what you mean," said Frederick, in a tone of biting irony, which would have split the heart of a maiden who truly loved her lover; but Sophia's love was of a peculiar texture; the spear of Achilles could scarcely have pierced the *golden armor* in which it was encased.

Frederick and his uncle became engaged in conversation at the breakfast table, and sat some time after Sophia had risen. The old gentleman took Frederick into the back garden, to show him a favorite plant, and, the window of the kitchen being open, the latter espied his cousin in the act of filling up the chinks and gaps of her

gentility, which the scanty breakfast had left unsupplied, with a comfortable platter of baked beans, which she shovelled into her delicate mouth with the address of an Hibernian filling up a marsh for the passage of a rail-road.

In the evening, our hero was called upon to while away the time with some farther account of his adventures abroad.—He had scarcely commenced, when the light foot-fall of Miss Perkins was heard in the passage, and in a moment she glided into the room. She seated herself by the side of Sophia, where she listened with almost breathless attention to the conversation of Frederick. Another step was heard in the entry, and a young man entered the parlor whom Frederick at once recognised as the spark who bowed to his uncle and frowned at him, on the steps of the public house. Mr. Albury did not speak to him—Sophia coldly gave his name to Frederick, and asked him to be seated. A conversation ensued on some general topic, but Sophia appeared very uneasy at the presence of young Stevens, and finally said, "Mr. Stevens, here is Lucretia Perkins, that is going home soon, you had better offer your services."

Sophia and Stephens exchanged meaning glances, and the latter exclaimed, with mock gallantry, "Ah! Miss Perkins—ask your pardon—upon honor, didn't see you. You must bring old Hunks with you as a safeguard when you go a visiting." Sophia laughed applause, but Frederick immediately arose, and asked Stephens to whom he alluded when he spoke of Old Hunks.

The fop tried first to stare Frederick out of countenance, and then replied, "who should I mean but her father, old Perkins, the bookworm?"

"Then let me tell you," said Frederick, "that by insulting that harmless and excellent young lady, you have proved yourself to be a puppy, as insolent as you are base!"

"Then I say that you are—"

"Name it not!" cried Frederick, with a vehemence that made even Mr. Albury turn pale. "Name it not, for—why should I do violence to so contemptible a wretch?"

Stevens seized his hat and hurried away to hide his terrors, but stopped a moment in the passage, to say, "you will hear from me again, sir."

"Predict not so disgusting an event, I beseech you," answered Frederick, and calmly resumed his seat.

"Well, I'm glad he's gone," said Sophia; "he was always an unwelcome visitor at this house."

The sudden start of surprise at this declaration, which Lucretia gave, did not escape the notice of Frederick. He went on with his narrative, as if nothing had occurred to interrupt it; but he observed that the conduct of Lucretia was entirely changed. Instead of fixing her eyes steadfastly on him, she now sat with her face somewhat averted; instead of appearing absorbed in his story, she seemed to be laboring under some deep emotion, which more nearly concerned herself; but he detected her in casting one glance at him by stealth, and such a glance! Years could not efface it from his memory. Frederick spoke kindly to her, and asked permission to look at her paintings. She advanced to place them before him. He hastily rose to check her, and it was well he did so; for she trembled so violently,

that she was scarcely able to get back to her chair. He opened one of the pictures, and his eye had scarce fell upon it, when he started back with amazement.

"This is not your work?" cried he.

She answered in the affirmative. He examined the others, and quickly said, "You have studied under the best of masters, no doubt."

"None but my father," faltered she.

"I must see your father. I should be proud of his acquaintance. He is a man of genius and an honor to his country.—It may be in my power to befriend him greatly," said the youth, as he invited the attention of his uncle to one of the pictures.

Sophia did not look very kindly upon Lucretia, while this dialogue was going on between her future husband and her despised humble friend; but the latter perceived not the malign stare with which Sophia appeared to be endeavoring to annihilate her. She had heard Frederick say that he would visit her father, and might be able to befriend him. She had involuntarily risen to her feet. Her cheeks were glowing with rapture; her bosom was swelling with gratitude, and her matchless eye beamed with the first dawn of joy that had broken upon her heart for years. At that moment Frederick approached her to return the pictures. He stopped short as his eye fell upon her unrivalled form, and more than earthly beauty.

"I want a large picture drawn for myself in a few days," said he, "and I will pay you for it beforehand; I will call on you in a few days and explain the design." So saying, he took out a bill of fifty dollars, and wrapping it in several folds of paper, that she might not know the amount until she got home, he placed it in her hands, and she departed.

On the next day, several young ladies and gentlemen, from an adjoining town, stopped at Mr. Albury's and announced that they were on the way to Niagara Falls, and had determined that Sophia should accompany them. But Sophia and her father seemed to think that they should have been consulted before such a determination was formed. Their scruples vanished, however, when Frederick declared he believed that the advantage to Sophia, from such an excursion, would be incalculable, and gently hinted that on such an excursion the gallant always pays his lady's expenses.

The party tarried all night at the village, and in the morning Frederick and Sophia joined them in their travels. They embarked at Providence for New-York: from thence a steamer conveyed them to Albany. On account of the multitude of locks between Albany and Schenectady, they took the packet boat at the latter place, and proceeded up the grand canal. In vain did Frederick endeavor to fix the attention of Sophia upon the romantic scenery which environed them. The blitheness of her female companions imparted something like elasticity to her spirits, but nothing could arouse her to a sense of the beautiful, the sublime, or the terrific. Her joys were selfish, and her heart chilled by the lust of gain.

They at length reached the falls. A goodly company was already assembled at Forsyth's, and they walked forth in a body to view the cataract. Frederick watched the effect upon his

cousin. She said something about water privileges, which the noise of the fall prevented him from understanding. In truth, he was glad to listen to the ceaseless thunder of ages, at the expense of her remarks. Several of the young men belonging to Frederick's party proposed going under the falls, behind the sheet of falling water.

"How foolish!" said Sophia to Frederick; "what good will that do?"

"It will afford pleasure," said Frederick, "and I am resolved to accompany them."

Frederick accompanied three of the party to a little shed near the spiral stairs, where they obtained dresses suitable for the occasion, and then, descending the stairs, wending their way toward the bottom of the falls. A guide passed on before them. They began to enter the water-roofed hall, between the descending torrent and the everlasting rock over which it pours. The flying spray made some of them give back at first, and after they had progressed several rods, they found it rather difficult to breathe. The guide soon informed them that they could go no farther, as there was a precipice a short distance ahead, which bounded the promenade; but Frederick and another young man could see a few rods before them where the footing was good, and resolved to advance still farther, even to the brink of the precipice. They went forward with perfect safety until a sudden cloud of blinding spray enveloped them, and prevented their discovering their real situation. Frederick was ahead of his companion, and did not stop as the latter did, when assailed by a fresh accession of spray. In the next moment, the hindermost adventurer heard Frederick fall, uttering a short exclamation at the same time. The spray then cleared off, and the edge of the fatal precipice was full in view, a few feet before the young man, but Frederick was gone—fallen from the dizzy verge! He ran back to his companions, who were just emerging with the guide from the watery cavern, with wildness in his eyes, and related what had happened to Frederick.

"Let us go immediately to the spot and see if —"

"No, gentlemen," replied the guide, "it will be of no avail; if he has fallen off the rock, he is before this time dashed to atoms beneath the torrent."

[Concluded in our next.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

MARGARET M. DAVIDSON.

DEATH is a gloomy thing to the young and happy heart. He comes like a thief to steal it from this bright and beautiful world and consign it to

"The deep damp vault, the darkness and the worm," before it has been chilled by the coldness of friends or the slander of enemies—while every thing like itself dances in the sun-beams of hope and truth. As such it came to Margaret. For a long time she was accustomed to look at death as a fearful something that was to snatch her prematurely from all that is beautiful and cherished—from her own placid lake that shone so brightly in the summer's sun—from the leaf-crowned trees that surrounded "her own dear home"—from the sweet flowers that bloomed by her daily walks—but more than all from the dear ones who lived in her "heart of hearts."

She must leave her young associates, her brother, her father, and, more cutting than all, her mother, who had fed the first kindlings of poetic fire when bursting from her childish heart, and who directed her glowing fancy and her warm spirit to the pure realms where dwelt her angel sister Lucretia.

She was a joyous, loving, confiding creature, and viewed the world as all brightness, beaming with the emendations of her own heart. Her tender sensibility and burning enthusiasm, with her pure simplicity and uneffected grace, warmed the frigid, and charmed the admirers of youthful intelligence and budding genius. When led away to the gliding Saranac by her desire for the food of poetry, she often sat for hours on its green shady banks, gazing at the deep blue sky, listening to the merry carol of songsters above her, or marking the play of the waters, as ripple chased ripple to the peaceful shore, till bright visions danced before her imagination, and gave to her animated countenance a glow of unearthly sweetness and splendor. When reminded by nightfall, or wind, or rain, that she was causing her mother uneasiness, she returned so full of the spirit of song, that much as her mother loved such music, she was often obliged to check it, knowing that a harp so tightly strung must soon snap asunder. During a thunder-storm she frequently sat at her mother's feet, with her face buried in her hands, listening as peal after peal shook the heavens, till her delicate frame quivered—not with fear, but with rapture at the displays of the Creator's power.

But the brightest act of her life is its closing scene. She seems all spirit. Faith has had its perfect work in her heart, and she lies hour after hour on her mother's bosom, with her mild eye upturned, waiting her Savior's call, to join her departed brother and sister, who are standing with open arms to receive her glorified spirit. The summons comes; death creeps over her with the gentleness of slumber,

"Nor weary, worn out winds die half so soft."

Of the writing of this youthful poetess, we could only say they embody herself. They are promising buds of which the blossoms are expanding in a more congenial clime. M. E.

BIOGRAPHY.

PARK BENJAMIN.

PARK BENJAMIN is the son of an American father and an English mother. His paternal ancestors, coming from Wales, were among the first settlers in New England. Through his mother he is descended from a distinguished family, whose co-relatives are among the nobility of Great Britain. Mr. Benjamin, however, is a thorough-going democrat, and a true lover of the people. Park Benjamin was born in the year 1810, in Demarara, in British Guiana, in South America, where his father resided for many years engaged in mercantile pursuits, and where he accumulated a large fortune, before returning to his native country. As the father, who was resident abroad for temporary purposes, never forfeited his allegiance, nor adopted another country, the son—if we may rely on the authority of Chancellor Kent—is as much an American as if his lungs had inhaled the air of the Green Mountains, at their first respiration. He was brought to this country, under the care of a faithful and affectionate female guardian, at the age of three years, and here he has lived ever since. The reason of his early separation from his parents

was a calamity which has attended him through life. In consequence of a severe illness and improper medication, he had partially lost the use of his lower limbs, and it was hoped that their healthfulness would be restored by the physician of the United States.—This hope, however, has not been realized, notwithstanding all the skill, care and expense, freely lavished to effect the object. Mr. Benjamin is, therefore, like some highly distinguished authors whose memories are still green, a lame man; he bears the infirmity without disquietude.

While a boy, our poet was sent to an excellent seminary, then distinguished throughout New England for the superior character of its Preceptors, in a small village in Connecticut, named Colchester. At the age of twelve, he was removed to new Haven, where he resided in his father's family for three years. He was then sent to a private boarding-school, near Boston, where he dwelt until he was fitted for college. He then entered Harvard University, in the year 1825, when sixteen years of age. But he did not finish his academical education in this venerable institution. During the first term of the Sophomore year he was compelled, in consequence of a long and serious indisposition, to leave college, or, as the college term is, "to make up his connexions." After his recovery he removed to Washington College, Hartford, then under the charge of the Rt. Rev. T. C. Brownell, as President. He was graduated with the first honors of his class, in 1829.

About a year after having been graduated, Mr. Benjamin entered the Law School at Cambridge then conducted by Mr. Justice Story and professor Ashman. He pursued the study of the law with due diligence for a considerable period, but finished the acquirements of his profession at New Haven, under the instruction of Mr. Chief Justice Daggett and professor Hitchcock. He was admitted to the Connecticut bar in 1833, as Attorney and Counselor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery.

After this, he removed to Boston, the residence of his friends and relatives—was soon admitted to the Massachusetts bar, but did not practice the profession, from which he was drawn away by his great love of literature. He became editor of the New England Magazine. In 1836, that periodical was joined to the American Monthly, edited in New-York, by Charles F. Hoffman. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Benjamin was induced to reside permanently in New-York. He was more readily persuaded to do this, since, in consequence of unfortunate investments, and the calamities in which so many were involved, his patrimonial property was well nigh lost.

Mr. Benjamin had always cherished an idea of aiding and assisting authors; and the more completely to effect this, he invested the remains of his property in a publishing establishment, in New-York; but the commercial misfortunes by which many of the wealthiest houses were prostrated, overthrew his prospects in this quarter.

Of late Mr. Benjamin has depended solely upon his literary exertions; and if not so rich a man, he is, if we may believe the opinion of old friends, a much happier one than when he revelled in the luxury of having nothing to do. His best powers are now very fairly tasked in the sole charge and editorship of "The New World," a journal with whose character the public are not unfamiliar; since it has a weekly circulation of some twenty thousand copies.

Mr. Benjamin's writings are probably as voluminous as those of any other American poet; and we hope the time is not far distant when he will present to the public his poetical works, collected in a volume. They would honor the literature of any nation. The excellence of his poems entitles their author to a rank among the first bards of America; and their great popularity, indicated by their constant re-publication in the best literary journals in all parts of the country, evidences that the public agree with us in this estimate of his abilities. As a critic, Mr. Benjamin has fine taste and judgement, and few have done more than he to establish correct ideas in regard to literature and art.

In person, Mr. B. is above the middle size, and but for the unfortunate affection of one of his limbs, to which we have alluded, he would be regarded as one of the finest looking men in America. His eye is large and expressive, and his face of an eminently intellectual cast. Mr. George Combe, when in this country, spoke of his phrenological developments as similar to those of Byron.

MISCELLANY.

FIRST LOVE.

"The first love of a man is never forgotten. It is through weal and wo the bright spot in his heart. Nor has any after passion the purity of our first love."—*Harry Cavendish.*

"And so to-morrow is thy bridal day, my love, and art thou sure the one to whom thou art betrothed has thy young heart's first love?"

"I never knew what 'twas to love till I saw him, mother."

"I knew it, Cora, and now, if thou wilt listen, I'll relate to thee the story of my early love."

"Oh, do! dear mother; 'tis what I so long have wished to hear, yet feared to ask, for thy mournful smile and the furrows on thy placid brow told such a tale of sorrow."

"Ah, Cora, my path through life has not all been strewn with roses, and the many, that now envy my boundless wealth, know not what blighted hearts may beat in lonely places. I was the only heir of a noble house, the favored child of fortune, and yet at the age of sixteen, I loved with all the warmth of my ardent, susceptible nature, one who moved in the humble walks of life. Yes, deeply, devotedly, I loved a lowborn painter. Lowborn; yet nature's nobility was stamped upon his brow, genius flashed from his eye, and his step was firm and stately as the proudest noble in the land. I, who had never been indulged in all my wayward fancies, yielded to this all-absorbing master-spirit, Love."

"And did he love you, mother?"

"He might as well have 'loved some bright particular star and thought to wed it,' as to have aspired to the hand of Lady Edith. And yet I knew he loved me, tho' he dare not tell it; for, in all the creations of his genius in every face of surpassing loveliness that beamed from his canvass, mine could be traced, so different yet the same. Ah! little did he know, when I wedded another, that he possessed the pure and priceless love of my priceless heart.—I plighted my vows to one, who boasted a long line of noble ancestors, whose riches monarchs might have envied, vainly thinking gratified pride could supply the place of love; and, as I stood before the altar, coldly and calmly promising to love and cherish him, my heart was far away.

But Lord Wyndham was my husband; and, as such, entitled to all my love, and long and earnestly did I struggle to banish the image of another from my mind; and yet, when I would hear his name mentioned as one not unknown to fame, my eye would brighten and I would almost fear my heart's wild, tumultuous throbbings might be heard. Oh, how bitterly would I reproach myself, when my husband's fond look was bent upon me, to think that he, who so loved and trusted me, little knew my sighs were not for him, and that, in my stately chamber, hung with gorgeous drapery, bittered tears bedewed my downy pillow, as I sighed for a lowlier lot. Fair children grew about me, and time passed on, and my husband's enduring kindness at length won my heart. It was not the wild passionate love of my early days; but a calm, tranquil affection founded on esteem. And Everard Mortimer had taken a gentle pride and found that happiness in a simple cot that does not always dwell in palaces; and I could hear his name now all unmoved; could think of him with cold indifference; and yet could never meet him without a quickened pulse. When death, at last, took my husband from me, I mourned for him long and deeply. I had always been kind and gentle to him, and yet when I thought of his many virtues and all his absorbing love for me, I wept tears of an anguish to think I had not loved him better. And now listen, Cora, while I tell you that the one who now possesses all your love is the son of Everard Mortimer. He is a fortune in himself, and is rich in possessing your young heart's matchless affections. I do not seek for thee a brilliant alliance, for too well I know 'twill be gilded misery to sell your heart for gold. No I have wealth enough for thee and me. Follow your own heart's generous impulses, and may your bright visions of happiness all be realized." E.

AWFULLY GENTEEL.

We happened the other day to hear a young woman—very pretty too—expressing the most profound ignorance respecting domestic economy. Credit her own words, and you would believe that she does not know how a potatoe looks before it is cooked—or whether it grows upon trees with a shell like a walnut, or is a domestic animal, fed on corn, and slaughtered for the table. She would have her friends, or perhaps she would say her acquaintances, suppose that she never was nearer to a kitchen than in the hall on the lower floor; and that she has no more idea of culinary operation than Robison Crusoe's man Friday possessed. Yet we are ready to stake our life upon the fact, if she was not born in a kitchen; she was educated as a scullion—and that her fingers were in her earlier youth—she is young yet—much more familiar with brasses on the area pailings and with the interior of the stew-pans, and with ashes in the grate, than with the piano-forte keys, or with cambrie needles. Nothing but a ridiculous desire to conceal what would be no disgrace to her, if known, could tempt her to such ridiculous and lying affectation.

No true lady is ashamed of a knowledge of the details and duties of a household; but on the contrary, would be extremely mortified at ignorance of such essentials. It is no matter if fortune has so blessed her that she need not soil her fingers in domestic occupations. A knowledge of them is absolutely necessary to procure their performance by servants. She is a wretched

butt of kitchen malice, and a victim of wanton waste, who cannot detect servants in their misdoings by their own knowledge. To command the respect and obedience of servants, a house-keeper should be so well informed, as to be able to answer them upon questions sometimes maliciously put. Her eye should never lose sight of any part of the domestic establishment; and she should be qualified to oversee understandingly also; else might a man rich as Croesus be beggared by his kitchen, and still he fare none the better for it.—N. Y. Tattler.

MAY YOU DIE AMONG YOUR KINDRED.

It is a sad thing to feel that we must die away from our home. Tell not the invalid who is yearning after his distant country, that the atmosphere around him is soft; that the gales are filled with balm, and the flowers are springing from the green earth; he knows that the softest air to his heart would be the air which hangs over his native land; that more grateful than all the gales of the south, would breathe the low whispers of anxious affection; that the very icicles cling to his own eaves, and the snow beating against his windows, would be far more pleasant to his eyes, than the bloom and verdure which only more forcibly remind him how far he is from that one spot which is dearer to him than the world beside. He may, indeed, find estimable friends who will do all in their power to promote his comfort and assuage his pains; but they cannot supply the place of the long known and long loved: they cannot read as in a book the mute language of his face; they have not learned to wait upon his habits, and anticipate his wants, and he has not learned to communicate, without hesitation, all his wishes, impressions and thoughts to them. He feels that he is a stranger; and a more desolate feeling than that could not visit his soul. How much is expressed by that form of oriental benediction, *May you die among your kindred.*

ANECDOTE OF NOAH WEBSTER.

SOME years ago, the great lexicographer passed through this region on horseback, to visit a brother who lived in Madison county. When he had reached the town where his brother resided, he met a boy going to school, and the following conversation passed between them:

"My son," said the learned doctor; "do you know where Mr. Webster lives?"

"Yes, sir; and be you a relation of his'n?"

"Yes."

"Well," continued the boy, "you aint brother of his'n is you?"

"Yes."

"Well, it can't no way any how be that you is the man that made the spelling book, can it?"

"Yes."

"By golly," rejoined the boy, as he gazed with awe struck wonder upon the venerable doctor, "that's a fish story."

The old gentleman often recurs to this incident as one of the most pleasing reminiscences of a long horseback ride.

FRUGALITY—"Now, Jacob, my son, you are about leaving home to go abroad in the wide world, and I wish to give you some advice, the fruit of my experience. And first of all, remember that

frugality is the only true road to independence." "Oh, but faith, dad," exclaimed young hopeful, "I know better than that, for when Joe and I went to Independence, we went by the turnpike; but I s'pose you'd go to the other road to save toll."

A RELIGIOUS society in Connecticut met to decide what color they should paint their meeting-house. Some proposed one color, and some another. At last, says one, I move we paint it rum color; for Deacon Smith has had his face painted that color for a number of years, and it grows brighter and brighter every year!

"Did you present your account to the defendant?" inquired a lawyer of his client. "I did, your honor." "And what did he say?" "He told me to go to the Devil." "And what did you do then?" "Why, then—I came to you."

"RACHAEL, my daughter, why don't you learn as fast as your sister Hannah?" "Why don't every stock of clover bear four leaves, mother?" "Go bring in a basket of chips, child."

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

J. T. M. South Lee, Ms. \$2.00; M. V. E. Rondout, N. Y. \$1.00; S. S. D. Palmyra, N. Y. \$1.00; P. F. H. Scottsburg, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Baldwinville, N. Y. \$3.00; J. L. Alandon, Mich. \$1.00; A. F. F. Michigan Centre, Mich. \$1.00; P. M. West Farmington, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. Madison, O. \$2.00; L. R. L. Athol, Ms. for Vols. 11, 12 and 13. \$2.00; N. M. S. Greenfield, Ms. \$2.00; A. A. R. Hanover, N. H. \$1.00; C. G. C. Eaton, N. Y. \$1.00; A. P. S. Cooksburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; C. & M. Angola, Ia. \$1.00; P. M. Genoa, N. Y. \$2.00; S. G. Big Spring, Ia. \$1.00; J. W. South Orange, Ms. \$1.00; F. B. Northville, Ct. \$1.00; P. M. Middlebury, Vt. \$2.00; P. M. Ohio, N. Y. \$1.00; G. M. H. Blissfield, Mich. \$1.00; H. C. New Haven, N. Y. \$5.00; J. W. Osh Kosh, Win. Ter. \$1.00; P. H. T. Berlin, Mich. \$1.00; M. E. G. T. Mansfield, O. \$1.00; F. F. Nantucket, Ma. \$1.00; A. C. P. Rondout, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. East Washington, N. H. \$5.00; S. A. E. Ballston, N. Y. \$1.00; J. P. M. Binghamton, N. Y. \$1.00.

Married,

In this city, on Wednesday evening, the 31st ult. by the Rev. Dr. Waterbury, John Van Deusen, Jr. of the firm of R. D. & J. Van Deusen, to Miss Madeline Mary, daughter of J. W. Burrough, Esq. all of this city.

On the 1st inst. at the Mansion House, by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, of this city, Mr. Elijah Mathews to Miss Mariah McCarty, of Lee, Mass.

At New-York, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. George Benedict, Mr. Isaac Hall, Esq. to Miss Sarah S. Phelps, all of the former place.

Died,

In this city, on the 26th ult. Henry, son of Henry and Jane Porter, aged 2 years and 6 months.

Drowned, on the 24th ult. Mr. Dennis Stanton, aged 26 years.

On the 27th ult. Charlotte, daughter of Wm. and Eliza Ann Able, aged 5 months.

On the 31st ult. Mary Elizabeth Tanner, aged 5 months.

On the 1st inst. Mary E. daughter of Truxton and Eliza Reed, aged 9 months and 18 days.

On the 2d inst. Elizabeth A. daughter of Joshua and Eliza Harrington, aged 2 years 12 days.

On the 4th inst. Mrs. Eliza Cashore.

On the 4th inst. Sarah Helms, aged 100 years, 6 months and 4 days.

In Hillsdale, on Thursday, the 18th ult. Allen Rossman, son of George R. and Julia Lawrence, aged 1 year and 3 months.

In Schenectady, on the 12th inst. Miss Mary Ann Hand, aged 26 years and 4 months.

At Wilmington, N. C. James H. Rogers, son of Wm. and Mary Rogers, aged 40 years, formerly of this city.

In Rotterdam, on the 15th ult. Washington Van Hovenburgh, P. M. of that place, in the 43d year of his age. In announcing this sad bereavement to the friends of the deceased, we cannot allow the opportunity to pass without paying a sincere but simple tribute to his memory. A more amiable or honorable man we never knew; possessed of a superior order of mind, by his assiduity, he had made himself familiar with the literature of the day; he shed a lustre among all who were favored with his company, and he filled a wide sphere of action as an enterprising and useful citizen. His name will be cherished by many a friendly heart, and with it will be associated the remembrance of his genius and moral worth. J. W. C.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

MORNING.

Dim night has fled, and morning breaks,
And pours her radiance on the earth;
Rejoicing Nature smiling wakes,
And gives a thousand beauties birth.

The flowers all seem afresh to bloom,
And kissed by sunbeams through the trees,
An offering of their rich perfume,
Send heavenward on the passing breeze.

Each scattered cloud along the sky
Is floating with majestic grace,
And tinged with softest ruby dye,
Looks smiling as a cherub's face.

O there is beauty all around,
Where'er the roving eye may gaze;
The leafy forest's utmost bound
Its sweep and varied tints displays.

Yonder, in richest robe arrayed,
Majestical the mountain towers;
Here spreads the smooth and emerald glade,
Where dance "the fairy footed hours."

Adown the hill the fountain leaps,
Displaying all its crystal charms;
While by yon green savanna sleeps
The placid lake in beauty's arms.

A thousand little songsters gay,
That through the still and solemn night,
Had ceased to chant the mellow lay,
Are fluttering in the new-born light.

And pouring from their tuneful throats
A matin chorus heavenly sweet,
Which on the wings of zephyr floats,
In strains which angels might repeat.

Earth has no voice, but strikes in soft
Subduing accents on the ear,
And bears the bounding soul aloft,
On meek Devotion's high career.

There's not a heart that ever felt
The glow of love and grace divine,
In gratitude that does not melt
While worshipping at nature's shrine.

For every scene the eye surveys,
And every sound the ear that meets,
The goodness of our God displays
And wisdom all divine repeats.

The ruler of the night and day
Kindly dispenses light and shade;
He gave the moon her silver ray—
In dazzling sheen the stars arrayed.

He made the sun with beams so bright,
To warm and cheer each living thing;
The beauteous scenes to charm the sight,
And tuneful birds his praise to sing.

And man he made upon whose brow
The lofty light of reason plays,
And taught his knees in prayer to bow,
And lips to sing his Maker's praise.

Then while the earth with radiance teems,
Pure as the light that on the face
Of bowing angels brightly beams
Before the heaven-lit throne of grace;

While every chord of nature's lyre
Gushes with harmony divine;—
O let the spirit's holiest wire
The heavenly diapason join.

The morning anthem to prolong,
Let every human voice be raised,
Till the whole earth is filled with song,
And God by every creature's praised.

RURAL BARD.

New Hampton, N. H. June 1, 1842.

For the Rural Repository.

"O, LET ME WEEP!"

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

O, LET me weep! there's bliss in tears,
Tho' high the bosom swell;
O, let me weep! the warm drops cheers,
The heart where memories dwell.

The earth, the sky, the deep blue sea,
The wind and flying clouds;
Are notes in nature's minstrelsy,
Which oft my soul enshrouds.

The twinkling stars, the pale moons light,
The calm pelucid stream;
Minor the joys, whose early flight,
Fled like a morning dream.

O, let me weep! there's not a spot,
On which my eye can rest;
But wears a blessing unforget,
Deep written in my breast.

All that I've ever seen on earth,
However bright and fair;
Sorrow has mingled with its breath,
And bliss preceded care.

The leaf, the bud, the opening flower,
Have burst upon my sight;
Bloomed brightly for one transient hour,
Then closed with closing light.

Then let me weep, there's bliss in tears,
As o'er my pensive soul;
The dear delights of bye gone years,
In all their sweetness roll.

Sag Harbor, L. I. April, 1842.

For the Rural Repository.

EARLY LOVE.

On! can ye scorn the smile that plays
Upon the lips so innocent;
It speaks of early, happy days,
Of hours to virtue lent.
And yet those smiles and joys must go,
And vanish 'mid the shades of woe.

'Tis youthful prime, the day begun,
The hours count quickly as they pass;
The goal of hope seems nearly won,
Behold the dream just as it was,
Sprinkled with fragrant blooming flowers,
Sweet passed away the happy hours.

At yonder altar stands a bride,
And near her youthful lover stands;
And there the aged priest beside,
To join them in sweet wedlock's bands.
'Tis early life, all pure and fair,
And not a single grief is there.

So placid all their hours are given
To every peace and joy and love,
Life seems to them a little heaven,
Stole from the brighter one above.
Oh! mark them sitting side by side,
The youth with her his pleased bride.

But soon a change comes o'er the sky
So placid, see a storm is nigh;

Some envious fiend, with malice fed,
Dares show his dark usurping head;
Some wretch in human form dares try
To break this fond felicity!
The deed is done—forever parted,
They wander wretched, broken hearted;
Behold them now each on the wild
Of fortune driven, and separate;—
The author of the mischief coiled,
Smiles ruthless at their wretched fate.
Reflecting on their blasted bliss,
He dreads no other world but this!

OVIDIUS AMERICANUS.

Hudson, August, 1842.

For the Rural Repository.

FORGET NOT EARLY FRIENDS.

BY T. C. WORDEN.

FORGET not the friends which in childhood have
strayed

In juvenile rambles beneath the cool shade,
Forget not the loved ones which in life's young years
Mingled joy with your sorrows and mirth with your
tears.

Forget not the season of friendship and truth,
When hopes sunny morning first dawned on your
youth:

When the day-dreams of pleasure seemed brilliant
and fair
E'er your bright brow was shaded with sadness and
care.

O, who could forget while on earth he should roam
The friends of his youth, or the play-grounds of
home,
Or cease ev'n to cherish with memories spell,
Those whom in life's morning he loved deep and
well.

Say, shall we forget like a thought or a dream
The ones who plucked wild-flowers beside the clear
stream—

And wove them in garlands beneath shady trees
While played round their temples the soft summer
breeze;

Can we ever forget in a world like our own
Those seasons of flowers which from us have flown;
Or those hearts which in union have oft beat with
ours

While reposing together in friendship's fair bowers.

No, while our life's ocean in storms and in calm
The memory of true friends my bosom shall warm,
I'll think of their virtues their kindness and love,
Till I meet them again in the rejoins above,

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